178

# THE Happy PAIR:

## OR, A POEM ON MATRIMONY.

---

By the Honourable
Sir *CHARLES SIDLEY*, Baronet.

---

*The Second Edition, Corrected.*

---

*LONDON*,
Printed for *John Chantry* without *Temple-Bar*; and Sold by *Benj. Brag* in *Avemary-Lane*. 1705. (Price 6 *d.*)

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

# Happy PAIR:

OR A

# POEM

ON

# MATRIMONY.

1688
7

# THE Happy PAIR: OR, A POEM, &c.

WHEN first the World from the black *Chaos* rose,
And Infant-Beauty did the Frame compose;
When Heav'n and Man possess'd one State of Mind,
And the pure Globe, like its *CREATOR*, shin'd;
When free from Sin the Noble Mortal strove
To Rival God in his return of Love.
When damning *PRIDE*, that Architect of Hell,
Made not, as yet, his tempted Soul Rebel.
When plunging Avarice no Birth had found,
Nor tore the precious Entrails of the Ground:
Then, then the new Inhabitant was blest,
Ease watch'd his Heart, and Peace secur'd his Breast:
No Earthy Thought tainted his gen'rous Mind,
That World th' Almighty gave him, he declin'd;

His God-like Image made him upwards move;
He liv'd below, while his Soul dwelt above.
Riches were things too weak t' enſlave his Senſe,
The Daz'ling Di'mond wanted Influence.
Pearls, like the common Gravel, he contemn'd,
And what we count a God, he thought no Friend.
With Heat of Love he flam'd upon his Mate,
And on the green Swarth without Dowry ſate;
Circl'ing her ſnowy Neck, he ſought her Heart;
A fi'ry Lover, free from Fraud, or Art.
The Object of his reſtleſs Thoughts, was *Bliſs*,
And that he found in one Embrace, one Kiſs.
One Claſp, one Hugg, one eager Glance, was more
Than Worlds of Pearl, or heaps of Golden Ore.
He prais'd his priz'd Affection next his God,
And thought his Wife the ſecond chiefeſt Good:
The Heav'n-born Dame brought to his longing Arms
Her Soul, her Beauty, and reſiſtleſs Charms.
Her Breaſt an equal active Fire did move,
She loſt the Thoughts of Empire in his Love.
The ſplendid Stile of Empreſs ſhe deſpis'd,
The World a Cypher to the Man ſhe priz'd:
Her crouding Wiſhes *him* alone perſu'd,
No ſep'rate Greatneſs cou'd her Love delude:
Her *Intellectuals* pure, knew how to ſcan
That Great and Independent Monarch, Man;
That little, but more weighty World refin'd,
More *apt*, and ſuited to her Heav'nly Mind.
She underſtood, that all that Good we name,
Was nicely wrapt and folded up in him.
Oh Fate! from whence proceeds the hidden Cauſe,
That we at *LOVE*, that glorious Paſſion, pauſe?
Was it with *Adam*'s Innocence betray'd?
Or, by his Lapſe, a Malefactor Made?
Or have our own acquir'd Exceſſes been
So daring, to determine it a Sin?
What ſhou'd at once proclaim us Bleſt and Great,
We fly, and court the Land-mark of our Fate.

Like murm'ring full-mouth'd *Iſra'lites*, we ſtand,
And run on Rocks, to ſhun the Holy Land.
From hence the baffl'd World has been inverſt,
Princes involv'd in War, and People Curſt;
Friends to their Confidents eſtrang'd, and thoſe
Whom Fathers Got, to tender Fathers Foes.
Hence Lands united to themſelves, divide,
And ceaſe their ſtrict Alliance, tho' Ally'd.
Hence hot Debates grow in Domeſtick Pow'rs;
The Man's unkind, the cheated Woman Low'rs.
Man, like the ſordid Earth, from which he ſprung,
Corrupts his Soul by a baſe heap of Dung:
Forgetting the Celeſtial Form he bore,
He values not the Woman, but her Store:
Extends his treach'rous Pledge to golden Charms,
And joins his Hands to none but ſpangled Arms.
He Weds her Jewels, and her Amber-Chains;
But her Rich Self (that merits all) diſdains:
Her Face he praiſes, but he courts her Ears,
Catching the glitt'ring Pendants that ſhe wears:
Each Eye no longer he eſteems a Star,
Than flaming Rubies hang upon her Hair:
And judging Love, without her Gold, a Curſe,
He ſcorns her Vertue, and adores her Purſe.

The Woman too no leſs debas'd than he,
Gives not her ſelf, but for *GRATUITY*;
Sooth's like a Merchant, with inveagling Art,
Demands her *JOYNTURE*, and keeps back her Heart.
On *Terms* and *Articles*, with Pride proceeds,
And Seals her cold *Affections* to her Deeds:
Stands off and Treats like an Imperious State,
And baulks her Happineſs, to be made Great:
Proclaims her Fortune of a goodly ſize,
And he that offers moſt, obtains the Prize.
Both Sexes now deprave their Noble Kind,
While ſordid Avarice corrupts the Mind:

Never conſult poor Vertue when they chooſe,
But for a painted Cloud, the Goddeſs loſe.
Divine Content they count a finer Cheat,
A Diſh for Ornament, but no true Meat:
A meer Romance, an idle Dream of thoſe,
Who wanting Wealth, think to diſguiſe their Woes.
A *Monntebank*, that only boaſts of Cures;
But cannot work th' Effects his Cant aſſures.
The vain deluded Atheiſt thus denies
A Supreme Eſſence, hid from Human Eyes:
Becauſe his Senſe can't apprehend a God,
Religion's Sottiſh, and her Zealots Mad.

But look, a Marry'd and a happy PAIR,
Are now like Revelations, *Strange* and *Rare!*
But if we Reaſon from the Ages gone,
There ſcarcely was a happy Match, but One.

We mind not now the Merits of our Kind,
Curious in Gold, but to the Perſons Blind.
The Man ne'er minds his Love, for Money ſtill
Is the baſe thirſted Object of his Will.
Upon Condition of a promis'd Store,
He'll hugg a thing that crawls upon all Four.
Bring him an Old Rick Corps, with grim *Death*'s *Head*,
He'll Swear ſhe's Young, and her Complexion Red.
Or if you cou'd bring one without a Face,
He'll praiſe her conq'ring Eyes, and charming Grace.
The *Woman* too, by ſuch Affections led,
Contemns the *Living*, to embrace the *Dead*.
And rather than not Covet, baſely bold,
Would Wed a Coffin, were the Hinges Gold.
Nature's Apoſtate, active Youth ſhe ſcorns,
Will long for Oxen, if you gild their Horns.
Say he's Deform'd, has neither Eyes nor Noſe,
Nay, nothing to beſpeak him Man, but Cloaths,
Strait ſhe reply's, He's Rich, ſo paſſes down,
There's nothing ugly, but a poor Baboon.

Thus

Thus might ſhe claſp a loathſom Toad in Bed;
Becauſe he bears a Pearl within his Head.
And gilded Pills, tho' bitter, may delight
The liquoriſh Luſt of wav'ring Appetite.
But ſtill, tho' *Wealth* their griping Senſes Feaſts,
At moſt they're but concatenated Beaſts:
For as they ſcorn all Conſonance of Soul,
A mutual Hatred muſt their Peace controul.
And this ſtands fix'd, what with my Love won't ſuit;
Appears deform'd, and ſtrait commences Bruit.
To various Climes of Tempers each are thrown,
The Frigid coupled to the Torrid Zone;
Like Curs of different Nature, in a Chain,
They'er link'd in Fear, and wear their Bonds in Pain.
Perhaps a cold Reſpect they both may ſhew,
As Impious Men to a kind *Demon* do;
Who when ſome skulking Wealth he does unfold,
Honour and dread him for their new-found Gold.
But view, unrobe the Boſom of Diſguiſe,
Obſerve the ſtrange Averſion of their Eyes:
With Palpitations of Regret they twine,
Like Oil and Water their falſe Loves combine.
With feign'd Embrace they ſeem Love's Joys to crave,
But with their Bed, converted to a Grave:
And whilſt their backward Hearts like Loadſtones meet,
They wiſh their Linnen were their Winding-ſheet.
He, like the Bear of Love, her Body Clips,
Inſtead of preſſing, bites her glowing Lips.
She, like a wounded *Otter*, flings and Rails,
Fires with her Tongue, and combats with her Nails.
Hell and Confuſion ſeize the Place around,
Nothing but mutual Frenzy's to be found.
They both launch out into a Sea of Strife,
A clam'rous Huſband, and a brawling Wife.
The whole *Armado* of their Thoughts combine,
On each ſide ſummon'd, they in Conſort join.
He arms Revenge, ſhe meets him with Diſdain,
And to't they ruſh, like Storms upon the Main.

She to her ſhrill loud Clamours, takes Recourſe,
Stamps, and invokes the Clergy for Divorce;
Deteſts the Light by which his Face ſhe ſaw,
Curſes the Bands, and Execrates the Law.
Directs to Heav'n her folded Hands with Pray'rs,
And pouring down a Flood of briny Tears,
Hopes that kind Juſtice wou'd her Grief behold,
Pity an injur'd Lover, tho' a Scold:
That Death wou'd ſnatch him from the loathſom Bed,
And Heav'n reſtore the Will which *ſhe* betray'd.
He with Diſtraction, and with Rage grows blind,
Curſes the Sex, and Damns all Woman-kind:
Accuſes Heav'n, that ſuch a Monſter made,
A Fury in deceitful Maſquerade:
A gaudy Phantom, that deludes the Sight,
A Devil with the Coverture of Light;
Blaſphemes, and by his Paſſion caſt ſo far,
Deſtroys himſelf by Perſecuting her:
Abjures his Faith ſworn to a legal Bed,
Hates her, and lays another by his Side;
Profuſely laviſhes her Right, each Kiſs,
And wracks her with the Sight of wrongful Bliſs.
She grows provok'd upon the diſmal Change,
And turns Diſhoneſt, to retort Revenge:
The Breach of Chaſtity ſhe makes her Play,
Plagues him all Night, and Cuckolds him all Day.

This muſt be then the Iſſue, where our Love
Does not together with our Nuptials move.
Poſſeſſions can't for fickle Joy provide,
When Love, the End of Living, is deſtroy'd.
Alas! we're all miſtaken in the Kind;
A happy Man is meaſur'd by the Mind.
Suppoſe him born to all the Pomp of Life;
Admit he's match'd to Beauty in a Wife;
Theſe are but Pageants, which a while may pleaſe;
They may divert him, but procure no Eaſe.

That Grandeur is no Compound of our Bliſs,
The rugged Boſoms of the Great confeſs.
The gilded Monarch's Sable ſtands within,
His Glory to his Trouble's but a Shrine:
His Cares, his Jealouſies, Nocturnal Frights,
Imbitter all his Joys and falſe Delights.
His toiling Head with Grief a Crown muſt bare,
Whilſt he ſtill ſtarts and graſps to hold it there.
And thus all Princes to this Hell we trace,
They Reign without, and are but Kings by Place.
But leſt ambitious Maids in Scorn relate,
This is the utmoſt Tyranny of Fate;
That ſuch Seditious diſagreeing Pairs,
Are ſcarcely known in Centuries of Years.
We'll grant, (which yet no leſs Misfortune breeds)
The Woman loves the Golden Man ſhe Weds.
We'll think ſhe brings with her Eſtate, a Mind,
Pure as her Sterling, from it's Droſs refin'd.
Yet this is ſo unlikely to ſucceed,
It Murders what it firſt deſign'd to feed.
He ſtrait concludes her Paſſion a Pretence,
Condemns her Soul, and lays the Crime on Senſe;
Argues, ſhe only choſe to be his Bride,
To ſerve and gratify her coſtly Pride.
But ſtill we'll give this Topick larger Law,
We'll ſay an equal Paſſion both does draw.
We will ſuppoſe them both enclin'd to Love;
We'll call her *Venus*, and we'll ſtile him *Jove*:
Yet through the Tides of Buſineſs in his Head,
He muſt neglect, and at length ſlight her Bed.
His peeping Paſſion, like a feeble Sun,
Mingled with Show'rs of Rain, will ſoon be gone.
And if perhaps there's left ſome poor Remains,
Like Northern Gold, 'tis in penurious Veins:
Diffus'd and ſcatter'd o'er the barren Land,
Amidſt vaſt heaps of Lead and worthleſs Sand.
This muſt be then a ſad Reward of Love,
When he thus ſenſeleſs of her Choice does prove.

Her Am'rous Courage ne'er can long be *bold*,
That finds her ſelf out-rival'd by her Gold.
Both their Affections to the Deep are ſent,
He ſinks through Weight, and ſhe through Diſcontent.
Their Riches then ſhew their Defect of Pow'r,
That can't create what Want does oft procure.
In thought of Wealth, he can't Intomb his Smart,
When ſullen Love preys on his ſtubborn Heart.
If crouded Cheſts, and glutted Coffers, can
Reſtore Contentment to the anxious Man;
Poſſeſs'd of thoſe, if he from Pain is free,
A troubled, may be call'd a quiet Sea:
Becauſe there's Pearl and Amber on the Shoars;
And thus it's ſtrangely ſilenc'd when it Roars.

But 'twere, methinks, an eaſie Task to prove,
There's no ſuch Curſe, as Mercenary Love;
True Fire the Hearts o'th' Wealthy ſeldom breed,
They may through Care, but not Affection bleed.
Their Tenures, Lands, their Rents, and Quarter-days,
In their diſtracted Heads ſtrong Factions raiſe.
And whenſoe'er poor ſimpering Love peeps in,
He's by that boiſtrous Crowd beat out agen:
*Cræſus* is ſtill perplex'd to guard his Store;
Fears 'twill be leſs, labours to make it more.
Thus what he hoard's by the Exceſs of Gain,
Starves his lean Joy, but feeds his pamper'd Pain.
When Love with kind Careſſes he ſhould pleaſe,
He forms Indentures, draws a cautious Leaſe;
On naſty Acres all his Speeches run,
His Heart's a Tumult, like a Market-Town.
And when in Bed he ſhou'd Embrace his Spouſe,
Like a Dull Ox, he's ſtill amongſt the Cows;
Chews all the Night upon the next fair Day,
How much this Horſe, how much that Load of Hay.
No Thought but that of Cattel, yoaks his Heart,
His Soul's the Driver, and himſelf the Cart.

Nothing

Nothing but Buz and Noiſe his Fancy ſeize,
His Head's the Hive, his buſie Thoughts the Bees.
In vain the Wife does for the Huſband Mourn,
Whilſt ſhe's the Burthen, and her Love the Droan.
Love, like a cautious fearful Bird, ne'er builds,
But where the Place Silence and Calmneſs yields:
He ſlily flies to Copſes, where he finds
The ſnugging Woods ſecure from Blaſts and Winds.
Shuns the huge Boughs of a more ſtately Form,
And Laughs at Trees tore up with e'ery Storm.
The pleaſant Nightingail can ne'er be won,
To quit a temp'rate Shade, to ſcorch i'th' Sun;
In ſome low Grove he ſings his Charming Note,
And on a Thorn Tunes the ſweet Warbling Throat.

We'll take a Ruſtick Couple for our Scenes,
Who Love, and know not what Ambition Means:
Who ſuch an even Competence poſſeſs,
What may ſupport, but not diſturb their Bliſs.
See how unmov'd they at all Changes ſtand,
Shipwrecks at Sea, and Earthquakes on the Land:
The Fraud of Courts, the Knaviſh Toil of Clowns,
A Monarch's Favour, or his pointed Frowns,
Concern them not; they but themſelves abuſe,
In valuing that they ne'er intend to uſe.
Each to the other proves a ſolid Bliſs,
Rich in themſelves, no want of Happineſs.
Like *Ægypt*, in whoſe Land all Plenty grows,
Each others Bottom is their beſt Repoſe.
When clam'rous Storms, and pitchy Tempeſts riſe,
Cheek clings to Cheek, and ſwimming Eyes to Eyes:
When jarring Winds dreadful Thunders Roar,
It ſerves to make 'em Preſs, and Love the more.
Immortal Beings thus themſelves Cajol,
Spurn ſtinking Senſe, and feed upon the Soul.
Here let us leave them bathing in pure Joy,
Whom envious Man nor Fate can e'er deſtroy.

Here

Here let 'em live to ſhare all Wealth and Pow'r,
As Greatneſs can't love leſs, they can't love more.
To the Divineſt State of things they drive,
Like Pilgrim-Angels, on the Earth they live;
Kind Nature gave them, Fortune bore no part,
Love join'd their Souls, and Heav'n ſeal'd each Heart.

*FINIS.*

*BOOKS lately Printed for* John Chantry, *at the* Peſtle *and* Mortar *without* Temple-Bar.

*LOVE at firſt Sight.* A Comedy. Acted at the *New Theatre* in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, by her Majeſty's Sworn Servants. Written by *David Crawford*, Gent. Sold by *R. Baſſet*. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

*Ovidius Britannicus*; or, Love Epiſtles; in Imitation of *Ovid*: Being an Intrigue between two Perſons of Quality. By the ſame Author. Price 2*s.*

*The Rival Brothers.* A Tragedy. Acted at the *New Theatre* in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, by her Majeſty's Sworn Servants. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

An agreeable Criticiſm on the City of *Paris*, and the *French*; giving an Account of their preſent State and Condition: Their Vertues and Vices; their Academies; their Dreſs, Devotions, Levity, *&c.* Price 1*s.*

*The Wit of a Woman.* As it is now Acted at the *New Theatre* in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, by her Majeſty's Sworn Servants. Price 1*s.*

An Eſſay upon the Nature and Qualities of Tea; wherein are ſhown, the Soil and Climate where it grows; the various Kinds of it; the Rules for chuſing what is beſt; the means of preſerving it; the ſeveral Virtues for which it is fam'd. By *J. Ovington*, D.D. Chaplain to her Majeſty. The Second Edition, with Additions. Price 6*d.*